



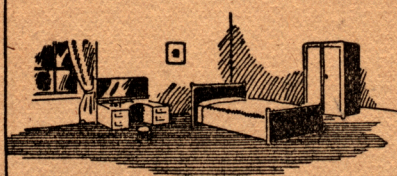
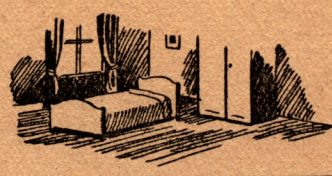


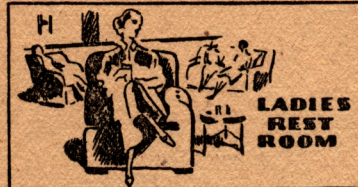
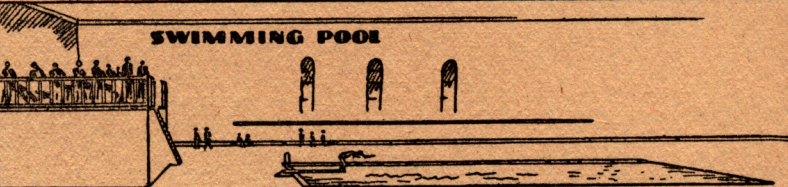
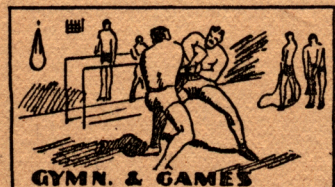




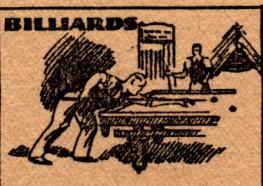
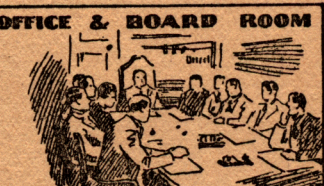

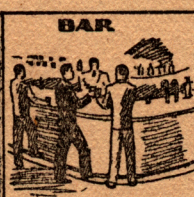
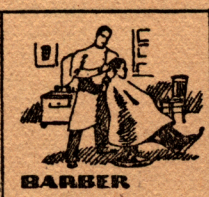


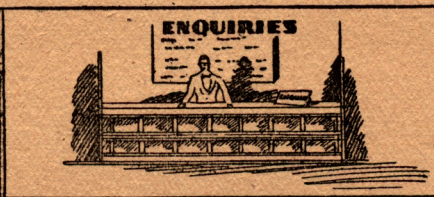
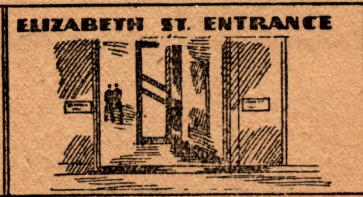
Tattersall's Club Magazine

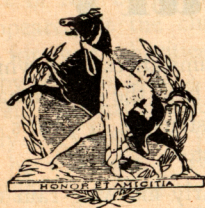
The
OFFICIAL ORGAN
OF
TATTERSALL'S CLUB
SYDNEY.

Vol. 16. No. 11. January, 1944.



TATTERSALL'S CLUB

		BEDROOMS				FLOOR 5			
						FLOOR 4			
						FLOOR 3 me 33.			
								FLOOR 3	
								FLOOR 2	
								FLOOR 1	
								GROUND FLOOR	



Established 14th May,
1858.

TATTERSALL'S CLUB

157 ELIZABETH STREET
SYDNEY



Chairman :
W. W. HILL



Treasurer :
S. E. CHATTERTON



Committee :
GEORGE CHIENE
A. G. COLLINS
DAVID A. CRAIG
JOHN HICKEY
A. J. MATTHEWS
JOHN H. O'DEA
JOHN A. ROLES
F. G. UNDERWOOD



Secretary :
T. T. MANNING

OLD Handicapper Time has put a welter-weight on the New Year. The going will be hard; but the colt bearing the Allied colours may be relied upon to keep on going at a quickening pace and, ultimately, land the money.

This time last year the odds were not altogether in our favour, and the finishing post seemed a very long way off. However, we knew then, as we know now, that our fortunes were carried by a true stayer. Distance or weight didn't matter. There would be no closing up or running off. All held the confidence that we were on a winner.

We have not yet reached the stage when all's over bar shouting. And don't let us delude ourselves that we will be in on the collecting when the numbers are up. Our role for a long time to come will be to pay out. The finish will be a wild moment of hat-waving, and then a dipping of hands deep into our pockets. "Reconstruction" is the trade name for it. Now's the time to reconstruct our outlook and our lives that we may make a certainty of winning the peace in due course.

All the same let us keep up our war-winning morale by reasonable indulgence in relaxation at all reasonable times, and thus follow with profit the example of Britain. Racing, and all forms of sport, had their place in the pattern of war effort during the darkest hours. There was no gainsaying their powerful influence in keeping up the spirits of the people then. Neither is there now.

Vol. 16—No. 11.

January, 1944.

The Club Man's Diary

JANUARY BIRTHDAYS: 1st, P. Kearns; 8th, F. G. Spurway; 9th, Russell Sharpe; 10th, J. A. Chew; 11th, Col. T. L. F. Rutledge; 14th, W. C. Wurth; 16th, A. C. W. Hill; 17th, Geo. Dunwoodie; 20th, W. T. Ridge, Lt. Clive Dunlop; 21st, C. F. Viner-Hall; 22nd, J. Hunter; 23rd, A. K. Quist; 26th, A. C. Ingham; 27th, N. Stirling, H. T. Matthews; 28th, Leon Vanderberg; 29th, G. R. W. McDonald; 30th, R. H. Alderson; 31st, G. H. Beswick.

* * *

NOT ONE WINNER. Not even a placed horse. The Carrington and Cup meeting was memorable for me on that account. Even logical bets evaded me, such as Grand Fils and Cream Puff, for a win or a place on the tote.

My Cup selection, an expert wrote in his subsequent review, was not prepared to run a mile and a half. This surely was an uppish attitude for a horse to adopt. What next? Owner and trainer entered the animal in good faith. Punters made their investments. Then it appeared, after the race, that the horse had his own views. Probably we will see the day that horses will break away, while being led into the birdcage, to argue it out with the handicapper!

Some of those I backed in other races apparently were not prepared to run at all. I do not blame owners,

trainers or jockeys. I simply suggest that what happened to me was not good form on the part of the horses.

All the time, people were coming forward and wishing me "all the best," and "we wish you what you wish yourself." A few optimists even asked me for tips. When I mentioned one of my selections to a racing writer, an old friend, he put down his beer and stared at me incredulously. Nothing was said.

Nevertheless, I enjoyed the meeting. I go to races because I like the sport and because of the opportunity to meet friends under pleasant conditions. Win or lose, I like to see fortune change for others who have, as owners or trainers, had a run of outs. I almost feel the refreshment of the breeze behind them. You might be surprised to know how many share that philosophy.

So it was that the congratulations showered on the Treasurer, Mr. S. E. Chatterton, after his exciting win in the Cup with Grand Fils, and, again, when Adjust gave him a double, were sincere. Cream Puff's running in the Cup with more weight than it carried in the Summer Cup, and remembering the mare's victory in that race, proved in what splendid fettle trainer Tom Murray had Grand Fils on both occasions.

The Cup provided one of those races which it is an honour to win in

any circumstances, but which in this instance had the additional kick of a tense struggle. That's the sport at its best.

The early morning rain threatened a heavy track. A downpour as the early stagers arrived seemed to confirm our worst opinions. A friend, sitting next to me before the running of the second race, said: "Randwick had half an inch of rain this morning." Mr. Walker, nearby, corrected: "Twenty-six inches," then added: "I would have preferred a dry track for all that."

Horses for courses. A similar view might have been shared by Modulation's owner, Mr. W. J. Kerr. Modulation looked "a picture," as his owner had described him. Good looks do not win races, but Modulation, to my eye, has more than good looks.

Clothes rationing cannot be so severe as we were led to believe. Or was it that those who appeared in tropical suits had trotted out their pre-war reserves? One man sported a tropical helmet. This destroyed the illusion that Mr. Harald Baker had the only sample extant.

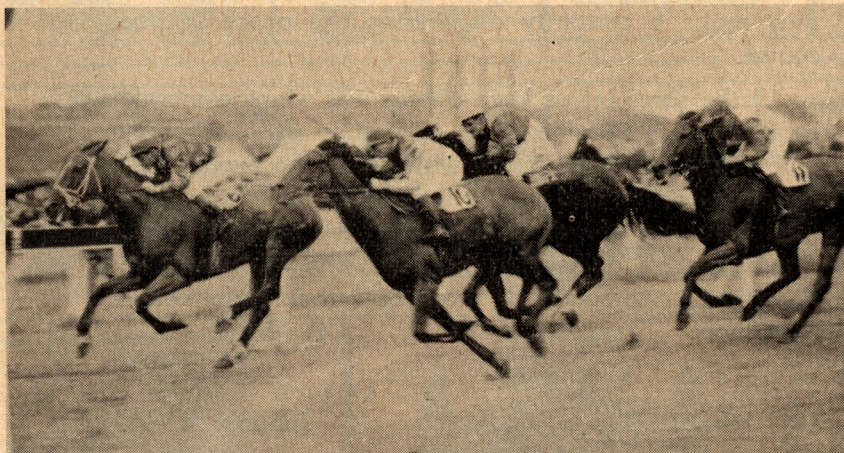
As Mr. W. C. Douglass passed in a suit appropriate for midsummer in torrid Townsville, someone remarked: "Sunny Australia."

Mr. Jack Wyatt sought in the official stand a corner as cool and companionable as his seat in the club room. His mind seemed to be straying—between backing winners—to those mornings when he hiked it regularly to the Domain baths.

Will men ever adopt rational dress? At this meeting the majority steamed in conventional clothes.

A real reformer pictured the Randwick of the future equipped with a swimming pool to which the fatigued might retire. "This," he added, "should be given priority over the laying down of landing fields for aeroplanes."

Think of the day when we no longer will have to strap-hang on the homeward journey!



Trimmer, 20/1 winner of the Carrington Stakes, narrowly beats Panchio, with Industry third. Hesione was fourth.

Mr. Alf Collins paused to tell me of the luck of Mr. Billy Hildebrandt. As he appeared at the club's latest function for war charities he was held up by Alf to take a ticket on the wheel. "What's the prize?" asked Billy. "A bottle of your firm's whisky," he was told. "It's a good cause," Billy answered. "So good that I must win it"—and he did!

* * *

A racing scribe declared that the meeting was the best in many years in the matter of good horses and exciting racing. "In fact," he said, "I think that this year's Carrington field was the best in the history of the race."

* * *

The Chairman, Mr. W. W. Hill, emphasised the fact that the day, apart from providing desirable relaxation, in the British way of life, was in the main a contribution by Tattersall's Club to war effort, and supplementary to its round-the-year programme of war effort in other forms. This, he added, had distinguished Tattersall's Club since the outbreak of war and would be continued in accordance with club tradition. He had no doubt, he said, that the public responded in that spirit—"which," he added, "is the right spirit."

* * *

Studying the expensive range of sweets at Christmastide, a Sydney grandfather told me that, when he was a boy, there were no more than five kinds of lollies shown in the shop windows—bull's eyes, candy, peppermints, pear-drops and the red and white twisted sticks. The position was somewhat similar as regards pastry—buns, biscuits and cakes with coloured sugar on them being most in demand.

* * *

We regret to record the deaths of Messrs. C. C. Hughes, Clyde Malley, and E. D. Clark, all well-known and respected members and who will be remembered affectionately. Mr. Hughes became a member on December 19, 1932, Mr. Malley on February 6, 1928, and Mr. E. D. Clark on May 25, 1914.

* * *

Everybody was grieved by the sad news that Captain Raymond Stanley Griffen, 2/18 Battalion, A.I.F., had been accidentally killed while a

prisoner of war in Thai Camp (Japanese). He had been reported prisoner of war on May 20, 1943.

We had known this sterling and courageous Australian officially since he became a member of the club on October 22, 1934, but very many members had had the honor of his friendship previously. All salute his memory and extend their sympathy sincerely to his widow, his parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Griffen of Elizabeth Bay, and to all members of his family.

His service and his sacrifice will remain as an inspiration to his fellow Australians, and will be recorded in the imperishable records of his country.

* * *

SOME OLD YEAR REFLECTIONS

Turning back the 1943 calendar on my desk, standing in sober retrospection on the threshold of the New Year, those hastily scribbled notes lead me to reflection. How any of us value the things done or regret the things undone; twinge at the memory of disappointment; exult in success; solemnly lie in the shroud of repentance or wave it hilariously above head—all that is a matter of temperament, dear readers.

You may turn back the calendar and reflect—sadly or gladly—but you can't add to or take from the compound of laughter and tears prescribed by the physician, Time.

But there is compensation in this: if stricken by a shadow on one day,

turn the calendar to the next; may be a shaft of sunshine breaks through. So we might survey our calendars each of us finding a story of sorts for every day in the old year.

Being in my occupation near the people—so near that I can experience their joys and feel also their heartbreaks—I am sincerely with Sadie Thompson in "Rain": "Sorry for everybody," particularly those who, turning back the calendar of 1943, find sorrow chiefly their lot. May the good fairies smile upon them in the New Year.

Remember "Marcus Aurelius"—a rendering in verse by Dr. John Lyth: *The ills of man are such as will be past;*

Nor pain nor heat nor cold but have an end;

Fatigue or sickness—what the gods shall send—

Can only hurt thy body while they last.

Shorn of imagined terrors thou wilt find

They have no means to overcome the mind.

* * *

NEW YEAR'S MORNING.

(Forwarded by a member)

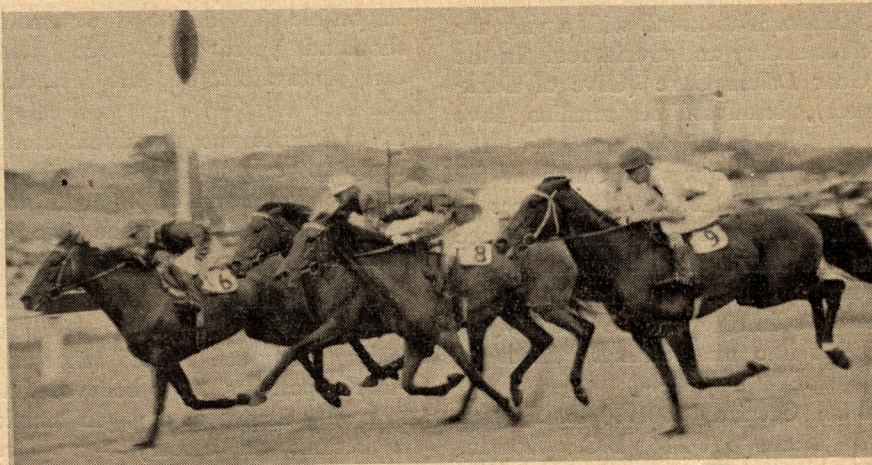
*Pink elephants ride in chariots,
Or gambol 'cross my bed.*

*A purple giraffe and a green goldfish
Are playing tag on my head.*

*A brook trout and a 'gator
Are giving me the wing,
While through my brain this thought
runs wild:*

"Oh, why did I take that drink!"

(Continued on Page 11.)



Grand Fils narrowly wins Tattersall's Club Cup from Cream Puff, with Two's Company a close third. Moondarewa was fourth.

THE STORY OF HEROIC MALTA

By EDWARD SAMUEL

Malta will go down in the annals of history as a glorious example of supreme determination to maintain the traditions of the British Empire against overwhelming odds.

The Maltese people have emerged triumphant from their trials, and reverted to a more normal state of existence; living above ground, for instance, instead of spending most of their days under it — though, strangely enough, history shows that this was a mode of life voluntarily chosen by many of their ancestors.

In June, 1940, the bombardment of Malta began. Since then many A.R.P. shelters have been erected, and the underground railway tunnel given over to hundreds of shelters. In addition the cellars below the stone-built houses, the crypts underneath the churches, and the 16th and 17th century passages originally excavated in Valetta for storage purposes have all proved invaluable during the raids. But aeons ago Nature also took a hand by providing refuge places in the form of caves, especially in and around Valetta, and these, as well as certain antiquities, are well worth a few moments' attention. But first a few words concerning Malta itself.

Malta is an island with a very ancient history and civilisation. In the Ghar Dalam Cave (Cave of Darkness), semifossilised remains have been discovered which lead to the belief that it was inhabited as far back as 4,000 B.C. Other traces of paleolithic and abundant evidence of the later neolithic existence confirm this theory. Thereafter, the island's history can be roughly divided into nine distinct periods of control — Phoenician, 1450 - 550 B.C.; Grecian, 700-480 B.C.; Carthaginian, 550-216 B.C.; Roman, 216 B.C.-A.D. 870; Arabic, A.D. 870-1090; Norman, A.D. 1090-1530; Crusade (under the Order of St.

John of Jerusalem), A.D. 1530-1798; French, A.D. 1798-1800; and British, A.D. 1800 onwards.

It is estimated that in the Stone Age (about 3000 B.C.) the island possessed a considerable population, and these were the people, it is assumed, who extended some of the caves and built the fifteen temples of which Malta is famous. These temples, of which Tarxien, Hager Qim, Mnajdra and Ggantja are the best survivals, are made of soft limestone, and the layout of them all is practically identical. Inside, fragments of statues, statuettes, vases and friezes have been discovered which clearly show a highly developed sense of artistry in those early islanders.

About two miles inland from the outskirts of Valetta there is a most unique Hypogeum (subterranean chamber) named Hal Saflieni. This Hypogeum consists of a series of underground caves and passages cut at different levels in the solid rock. At the beginning of the raids the people flocked to them for shelter, but as none of them is below 20ft. however — the recognised A.R.P. factor of safety — their use was officially discontinued. It is almost impossible to decide how many thousand years B.C. lived those early excavators, but the fact that the rock has been so cut and carved as to imitate the megalithic structures above ground, even to copying the side posts and lintels, would seem to indicate the Stone Age, or later.

Some of the underground rooms have domed ceilings, two of them still retaining red painted spiral and circular patterns. It is believed that following its use as a pagan temple it became an ossuary — a place where human remains received a second burial. This was a custom of the Stone Age, and certainly

skeletal bones representing thousands of bodies have been discovered in this one Hypogeum alone.

The catacombs, of which there are several on the island, are of a later period. They are thought originally to have been rock tombs made by the Phoenicians. In Roman days they were still used as burial places, but after the people were converted to Christianity sections of the catacombs were used as chapels and oratories. The story of St. Paul's shipwreck on the island in A.D. 58 is graphically told in Chaps. XXVII and XXVIII of The Acts, and a small rock chapel is revered by the Maltese as the identical one used by the great Apostle during his three months' stay in "Melita." Some of these catacombs, particularly those known as St. Paul's at Rabat, have been used as air-raid shelters, but unfortunately they did not always stand up to direct hits, with disastrous consequences. Unhappily the same misplaced confidence occasionally caused casualties among those sheltering in some of the more surfaced caverns. (This does not apply to the deep caves, both old and newly excavated, in the Valetta area, and passed as sound by the A.R.P., nor to others of a similar depth elsewhere.)

Nevertheless, this faith of the Maltese in their huge natural caves is quite understandable, for throughout the ages they have given shelter and warmth to the living. Even today many of them in Valetta are in use as homes, brick partitions having been added to provide privacy and comfort. Such refinements are relatively modern, however. A few centuries ago the caves were inhabited by many families leading more or less communal lives, as evidenced by a Jesuit priest named Kercherus, who visited the island in 1637. The following are translated

extracts from his interesting account as given to a German named E. G. Happel, who included it in his "Curiosities of the World," published in Hamburg, 1688:—

"So I went with a guide to these dwellings which the people in the Arab language call Ghaar, Kebir, which means 'the huge cave.' When I walked in under the main porch, which was wide open, I found people of both sexes wearing peasant clothing. At first sight it looked as if they lived untidily and muddled, but on closer observation one noticed that every household had their special quarter and actual dwelling, which was made either artificially or by Nature, and in those Dwellings everything was thoughtfully divided into cells and rooms, and every kind of food was stored in receptacles. Here one could see beds hewn in the hard rock, there bread or cheese receptacles, somewhere else one noticed the hewn stables for the cows and heifers, sheep and donkeys, as well as nests for the hens. There was no lack of earthenware jugs and pots, in which they stored water, as in cisterns. The walls were adorned with long chains of onions and garlic, like tendrils of ivy; there were also stoves for baking bread. They had very cleverly made chinks and

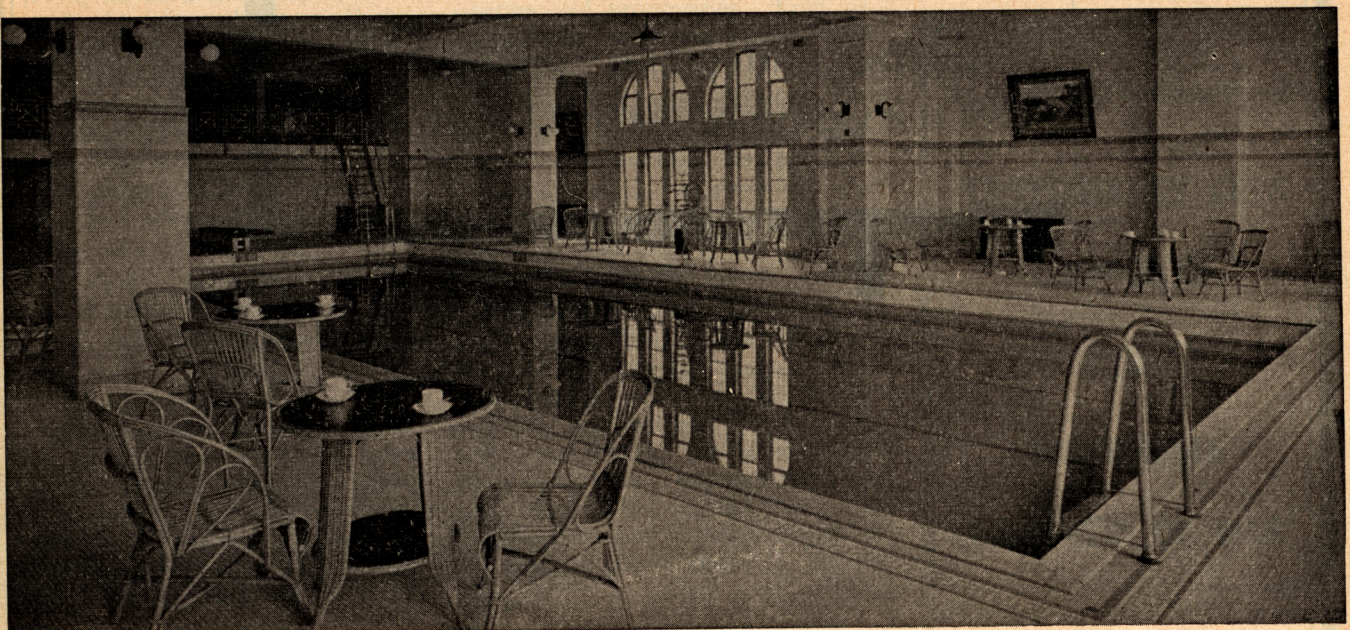
holes in the rock to let in the daylight. This was skilfully done so that the inhabitants were not exposed either to wind or rain. The stoves for baking bread had their chimneys which, when the fire was alight, prevented the inhabitants from being suffocated by the smoke.

"During the day the peasants had to do enforced labour, and also worked in their own fields outside the cave to earn their living. Meanwhile the diligent housewives and daughters sat at their spinning wheels, or made cheese or passed their time with other female occupations and housework. The people are well built, and it is said that they live half as long again as people who live in more healthy surroundings. The peasant folk, which is very surprising, are not ugly, but extremely good-looking. They are so fond of their subterranean dwellings that if they go to the town of Malta, or rather to Valetta to sell their merchandise, or barter other things, they behave rather as refugees or cast-outs, and they do not like to linger there. The moment their business is finished they hurry back to their dens, and they never stay away from them overnight, even if they are begged to, or obstructed in any way.

"They abstain from eating beef

and chicken meat, to sell it and thereby to earn money. They are well content with milk, cheese, bread, onions and other vegetables. The Grand Master of the Order, wanting to see this confirmed with his own eyes, had, in his kitchen, one part of the table laid with all kinds of meat and tempting foods, which was left over from his rich and plentiful table. The other part was laid with cheese, onions, garlic, and a thick food they call *macro-nen*. He had asked his cave dwellers to come from their caves, sit down at the table in his kitchen, and help themselves. They did not touch with one finger the other tit-bits, but took immediately to the food they were used to, and which they preferred. . . . They are not ignorant, stupid, wild or heathen people, but they keep to their daily prayers with great devotion."

Three hundred years of evolution has greatly minimised cave dwelling habits. What a commentary on Nazi-Fascist retrogression is the fact that the much-heralded "New Order" has caused the Maltese to use their "subterranean dwellings" again, this time as a refuge against a barbarism unimagined in an earlier age. However, it has met its just deserts and this lovely island still displays the Union Jack.



The Club Swimming Pool.

TATTERSALL'S CLUB

SPECIALY IMPORTED

HOUSE Whisky

(Highland Nectar)

PRODUCE OF SCOTLAND

Bottled under the supervision
of the Commonwealth Customs

LOOKING AT LIFE

By THE CLUB MAN

You have heard it said that "some men should never drink." Let them have one and they will want one dozen. For you and me to scoff is idle. Every man has his weakness. The strong overcome defects by sheer force of will power. The weak wobble and fail.

Some people are born strong of will; others cultivate strength; but strong or weak, the battle against propensity is always going on. Every time you quit you forfeit strength; every time you resist you gather strength.

Amery, the British statesman, said that the irresistible impulse was the impulse that should be resisted. On that reasoning he refused to commute the death sentence passed on a man who had murdered a woman. Counsel for the defence had pleaded that his client had been overcome by an irresistible impulse.

Incidentally, many of us at some stage in our lives have been moved by an impulse to murder a woman. Fortunately, we have had the strength to resist or have lacked the moral courage to go ahead with the job.

While, for the reasons stated, some men should never drink, similarly other men should never go racing, never make speeches or never marry. They cannot cut their losses on the racecourse, they cannot avoid repeating themselves in delivering those "few well-chosen remarks," and they cannot find companionship in the one woman.

Probably I am prejudiced by avocation, but I would prefer a man sodden with drink to one saturated with words.

A definite weakness is to criticise the faults, so called, of others while forgetting our own. The man who over-eats condemns the man who over-drinks; the man who over-talks condemns the man who is over-reserved, and vice versa. The other fellow has all the faults all the time.

We are born with our natures. They are fixtures. Our virtues are largely triumphs over our vices. It's

a big subject, but you may learn more about it by consulting the authors who know what they are writing about, not the quasi-scientists who deal in fancy theories and give familiar maladies recondite names.

Years ago I started off in my limited leisure to read a volume on heredity, and went on to read four volumes. Each provided a headache as a study, but I took the course slowly, reading a little at a time and, if necessary, re-reading.

In my nonage I read a remarkable book entitled "Not Guilty—A Plea For The Bottom Dog." The writer was Robert Blatchford, notorious (in those times) as a socialist. Nowadays, he would be accorded decent burial, at least.

Blatchford made me think of something that has aided me greatly in my career as a newspaperman—that I must be liberal and tolerant and seek to understand others.

Blatchford wrote of atavism, and postulated that each of us was a product of our ancestors, all of our ancestors with the nature of one ancestor predominating in the plasm. We inherited his or her traits, disposition and propensities. Ergo, as throw-backs, we could not help our impulses.

Blatchford argued that people afflicted by criminal tendencies were not guilty in that they were prone to evil or excess and incapable of overcoming their moral disabilities. Delinquency was not designed but a natural development.

I realised, even at that early age, that I would need to bring under control intolerance, an analytical and too often hypercritical outlook on life, and an aloofness that was not always understood (or appreciated) by others. I was also temperamental and fretful—I still am, but how much I have conquered the other blights is for other people to judge.

However, it is just as well that this great book came my way at a time when I stood on the threshold of a career that held in store many

vicissitudes, many meetings with people of varying social strata, of conflicting political opinions, fools and knaves, men whose brain-power consisted in a shrewd ability to make use of the brains of others, men who deserved a chance and did not get it, and men who could not put a foot wrong on fortune's track. Such is life.

The queer people making up life are not themselves, but the replicas of others gone before. They may be understood only if their background be explored.

Pope wrote that "the greatest study of mankind is man." Great philosophers and scientists had taken up the study before Pope and others have taken up the study after him. One of the greatest contributions to that literature is Dr. Alexis Carrel's latest book, "Man The Unknown," which I read some time ago, and which I am re-reading.

When the war is over, when life returns to normal (more or less), kindred souls in this club might form a circle to discuss such subjects as I have traversed, and generally to exchange ideas on life as it is lived.

TATTERSALL'S CLUB

SUPPORTS

73

AUSTRALIAN

PRISONERS OF WAR

THE *Prudential*

ASSURANCE COMPANY LIMITED
(Incorporated in England)

THE LARGEST INSURANCE COMPANY IN
THE BRITISH COMMONWEALTH OF
NATIONS.

- Over £100,000,000 subscribed to Government War Loans since the outbreak of war.
- Over 12,000 members of the Staff are in the Forces.

G. J. M. BEST, F.C.I.I., General Manager for Australia and N.Z.
F. D. FOSKEY, A.C.I.I., Assistant Manager for Australia and N.Z.
R. C. CHAPPLE, F.A.I.I., Agency Manager for Australia and N.Z.
L. W. OFFORD, F.I.A., Actuary for Australia and New Zealand.

Life Assurance — Fire — Accident — Marine Insurance.

The Custodian of YOUR FAMILY'S FUTURE

THE BURDENS ARE GREAT; THE RISKS MANY.

Now-a-days no considerate man appoints a friend as sole Executor and Trustee under his Will. The burden is too great, the risks too many.

Far better to appoint Perpetual Trustee Company Limited. If it be desired to link the friend up as counsellor, by all means appoint him as Co-trustee with the Company that is so well equipped to bear burdens of responsibility; that can guarantee a continuity of sound administration of your Estate based on 57 years' experience.

Write for a copy of "Your Executor and Trustee," that explains the Company's service and what it costs.

Perpetual Trustee Company, Limited

DIRECTORS :

T. H. Kelly (Chairman), Hon. T. A. J. Playfair, M.L.C., E. R. Knox,
H. Norman Pope, Allen C. Lewis, W. Deuchar Gordon.

H. V. DOUGLASS, Managing Director. P. CURETON, Manager.
Executor and Trustee, Agent under Power of Attorney for Absentees
and others, Administrator, etc.

Trust and Agency Funds under Administration exceed £61,500,000

33-39 HUNTER STREET, SYDNEY.

City Mutual Fire Insurance

Company Limited

HEAD OFFICE:

95 PITT STREET, SYDNEY.

Fire, Accident and Sickness, Workers' Compensation, Houseowners' and Household's Comprehensive Insurance, Public Risk, Burglary, Fidelity Guarantee, Plate Glass, Motor Car, Loss of Profits.



ACTIVE AGENTS REQUIRED
IN CITY AND SUBURBS.

H. V. REYNOLDS, Managing Director.

For Reliable Service

The N.S.W.
**FRESH FOOD
& ICE CO LTD**
25 HARBOUR ST
SYDNEY
Telephone M2981



Milk
Cream
Butter
Ice
Fish
Poultry

The "Most Fightingest" Unit

This is the sentimental story of a young warrior, Dan Morcom, about the banner of his regiment, a famous Australian mechanised unit, referred to as "cavalry" in the course of the article. The name of the regiment is withheld for security reasons.

AS I WRITE to you to-day I am almost alone in the camp. The axe fell yesterday, and last night saw the final gathering of the survivors. Their ranks were pretty thin, I am sorry to say; no more than fifty odd.

The humour which usually accompanies such an occasion seemed a little forced, too. I guess a lot, like myself, were thinking of comrades who had made the great sacrifice and fought their last battle. Others were thinking of the morning when the remnants of this famous fighting regiment would be scattered to the four winds, as they were posted to their new units.

Last night our regimental banner flew bravely from the tallest tree in the camp. I stood gazing at it fluttering in the gloaming, and as it flapped in the evening breeze it whispered many things to me which I already knew. It recalled the day the regiment first came into being, and of how the colonel carefully hand-picked his men; one here, one there, until he had built the "most fightingest" unit it was possible to muster.

It spoke, too, of long, lazy days at sea, after the first pain of parting from loved ones had abated. It spoke of sunny Cyprus where the cavalry was the last, lone bulwark between Hitler's hordes of barbarians and the coveted spoils of the Middle East; it spoke of long, dusty days of parching thirst and aching feet in Palestine.

I seemed to see it flaunting proudly beside the Sphinx and Pyramids again; and I watched its dash across a thousand miles of desert, to the olive-covered hills and snow-capped

mountains of the Lebanon and Syria. I saw it again, returning victoriously along the same trail the crusaders blazed centuries before, till with a rumble and a roar, the regiment swept through the gates of new Jerusalem, twentieth century crusaders.

Then it whispered of anxious days whilst homeward bound; of the yellow scourge sweeping down from the north; the treachery of Thailand; the fall of Corregidor, Bataan, Singapore, Batavia, Sumatra; and still we were not home. "They've landed in New Guinea!" . . . "They've crossed the Owen Stanleys!" . . . "They're swooping on Port Moresby!" It dwelt a little on pleasant days in Adelaide, Northern N.S.W. and Queensland, ever heading north, till, ultimately, the clarion call of "Northward Ho!" It declared an open season on the Japanese.

I recalled dreary, depressing days, relieved only by raids, while the boys sharpened bayonets and checked ammunition. Then the sudden alert; the bugle call at 2 a.m.; the long line of marching men winding sinuously through the gloom; grim and ghostly, and boding ill to any, or all, who attempted to bar their way.

Now it whispered of darksome deeds in the gloomy jungle fastnesses of Buna and the Sanananda Track; it murmured gloatingly of the five hundred and twelve dead Japanese mown down in the first advance; it drooped lower to speak softly of ambushes, stabbings and lunges by bayonets, the staccato stutter of sub-machine guns, the chatter of Brens and the silent knife.

Then it crooned gently for a moment over the fallen, the maimed and

the blind; it fluttered once for the bereaved and then, in a final gust from the evening breeze, it blew out its glossy folds and flared defiance, as it did in its palmy days.

The sun set slowly upon it, the breeze died and the flag ceased to fly and was still. So we took it down and folded it gently into its proper folds. Then we put it away with a sigh and we went and read the inscription on the inside cover of the "war diary!"—"Through mud and blood to pastures green." I shook hands with old comrades, tried and true, and we all sang "We are the Cavalry" and "Old Soldiers Never Die." Then I went for a walk, shed a silent tear for absent mates, and was thoroughly miserable.

KEEP YOUR HAIR ON!



Stimulate its growth and keep it healthy with

McMahon's. Easy and economical, quickly effective in cases of falling hair, alopecia patches, scalp dryness, dandruff and cradle cap.

Obtainable from Chemists, Hairdressers and Stores.

Wholesale: Craig & Aitken Pty. Ltd., Sydney.

5

McMahon's FOR HAIR AND SCALP

FOR QUALITY MEAT



HENRY WOOLFE



Two Famous Meat Stores

650 GEORGE STREET

===== Brickfield Hill =====

130 PITT STREET

===== Nearly Opposite General Post Office =====

The Club Man's Diary

(Continued from Page 3.)

From Rear-Admiral G. C.
Muirhead-Gould:

Dear Club Man: I do not know who told you that I said that Nelson's signal read, "England expects every officer and man to do his duty this day," but I'm sure I never said it. If I am supposed to have said it from the platform in Martin Place I will bring all my lads along to support me in my denial.

What happened on board the Victory was that Nelson told his Signal Officer, Mr. Pascoe, to make the signal: "Nelson confides that every man will do his duty." The signal officer reported that there was no signal for the word "confides," but that there was a hoist for "expects." Nelson then told him to make the signal: "England expects that every man will do his duty."

In other versions, "to-day" or "this day" has obviously been put in for the sake of scansion.

The Club Man in explanation: My quotation of the wording of the signal, as flown in Martin Place, was taken from "The Sun." Whether that newspaper's "Admiral" misread the signal, or whether the signal was incorrect, as hoisted, I do not know. Nothing written in my paragraph was intended to suggest that Rear-Admiral Muirhead-Gould was possibly unacquainted with the signal as flown at the Battle of Trafalgar.

* * *

HANDBALL HAPPENINGS

With many members on active service, Tattersall's Handball Club faded away during the first two years of war. Nowadays, there is a revival of activity. Some of the older players are to be seen in action regularly during the luncheon hour.

Mentioning the older players recalls stirring games recently between Eric Pratt and Eddie Davis, both of whom showed that they had lost little of their pre-war courtcraft.

Whenever a little shore leave comes his way, Pat Hermon comes in for a game as a change from his naval duties. We saw Pat playing G. S. Williams, and he was going great guns. Some of Pat's "broad-sides" nearly sunk the "old man," but G. S. rallied with pretty hot shots, and the pair finished up 31-30.

Ivor Stanford has been an interested spectator occasionally, but, methinks, he is more interested in tennis, nowadays.

Back from active service, John Buckle returned to handball, looking sun-tanned and in splendid physical condition. He practised on the "Old Man" for a couple of days, and then took on brother Bill, who, by the way, is a hard man to beat when on his game. The two Buckles provided exciting handball.

Zade Lazarus comes in about twice a week, and gives the best of them hard games. Perhaps it's just as well Zade doesn't play every day, or he'd be cleaning all up. He usually plays with the "Old Man," and they finish looking as if they had had a Turkish bath.

George Goldie comes in about once a week, and makes things lively for his opponents. On his day George is a hard player to beat. It's a great pity he does not play more regularly.

The genial Norman Barrell joins in the fun once or twice a week, and has a nasty habit of spoiling the winning sequences of some of the better players. What a hot number he would be if Norm decided to take the game more seriously.

* * *

CARNIVAL NIGHT


An all-time record was hoisted by the carnival night held in the club on December 16, when the net proceeds totalled £1500. This was the fifth of these functions and brought the total proceeds for war charities to £3690/18/1, a splendid achievement and testifying to the

co-operation of members in their club's record of patriotic service. The figures tell eloquently of how on these occasions members spend freely in the good cause, and the committee acknowledges gratefully their support.

The following war charities will benefit from the latest carnival night Anzac Buffet, Prisoners of War Fund, St. Andrew's Cathedral Hut, St. Mary's Hut and C.U.S.A. Naval Hut, Women's All-Services' Canteen, and the American Center.

Again, the chairman and members of the committee, speaking for members generally, acknowledge their deep debt of gratitude to the following helpers: Mesdames F. Gately and A. Codey, Mr. Mark Barnett and his staff, Messrs. L. P. Hughes, W. A. McDonald, F. J. Empson, Jack Shaw, W. R. Granger, Percy Smith, Claude Spencer, W. S. Crawford, N. G. Warburton and W. J. Lander.

All were unwearied in their efforts and radiated a spirit of cheerfulness. They share in greatest measure the credit for the all-time record.



**Quickly
Clears
Dandruff**

Dandruff goes after a few applications of McMahon's. It makes the scalp clean and fresh . . . banishes scurf, itching and dryness . . . prevents falling hair.

**Obtainable from Chemists,
Hairdressers and Stores.**

Wholesale: Craig & Aitken Pty. Ltd.,
Sydney.

McMahon's FOR
HAIR
AND SCALP

Sports Round in America

With Grantland Rice

What Clubs Are Trumps?

The Artists and Writers' Golf Club of New York, known to James Montgomery Flagg as "The Arthritis and Neuritis Club," is presenting a golf tournament where only three clubs can be employed in the difficult assignment of wrecking par.

The somewhat knotty problem is this: What three clubs would you, as a star or a duffer, select? And what would be your one most important club?

In a state of mind bordering somewhat on bewilderment, we put the answer up to Major Robert Tyre Jones, now in the Army Air Force—and once upon a time not the worst golfer the game ever knew. Only twelve national championships, U.S. and Great Britain.

"If I had to select just three clubs for a round of golf," Bobby said, "I would pick first a 3-iron, then a 3-wood and then a 7-iron or an 8-iron."

"The three iron would be my most valuable single club, if I could only name one. It should be good for some 200 yards off the tee, it would be useful through the fairway, it would be suitable for chipping and putting. On many occasions I've seen the time when I could putt better with a 3-iron than I could with a putter."

"That may be true," I said, "for Jones and Hagen, for Sarazen and Byron Nelson. But what about the average hacker? They are a different breed."

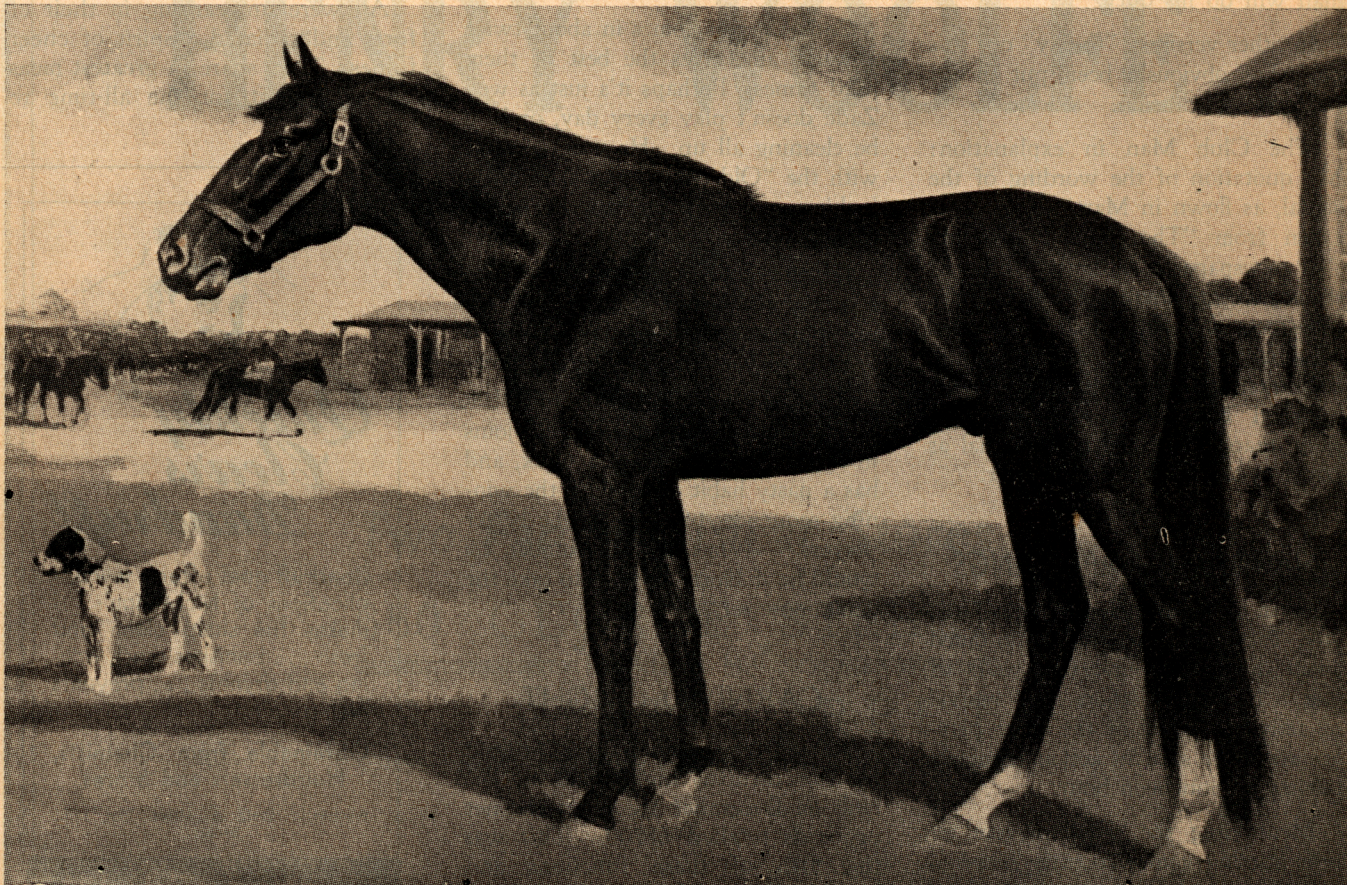
"For the average golfer," Bobby said, "I would suggest a 4-wood in

place of a 3-wood, a 4-iron in place of a 3-iron and a 7-iron in place of an 8 or 9-iron."

"Here's one big difference between the championship golfer and what you call 'the hacker.' The average golfer or 'the hacker' can't use a straight-faced club well—I mean driver or brassie—1-iron or 2-iron. Neither can he get much luck from a well-lofted club, such as a niblick or a 9-iron or an 8-iron. He is better at average ranges."

"For example, I've seen many so-called average golfers who were deadly with a 4-wood or a 5-wood or a 7-iron. These are the in-between clubs, easier to use."

"The test of a fine golfer is one who can use a 1-iron or a 2-iron or a brassie, as Byron Nelson can. These



WHIRLAWAY (Blenheim II.—Dustwhirl).
The fifth horse to win the big three—Derby, Preakness and Belmont Stakes.

are the hardest of all clubs to play through the fairway. They should never be part of any average golfer's equipment.

"In my opinion the average golfer should use a spoon from the tee, a 4-iron for his longer approaches up to the green, or a 4-wood. In case of doubt, use the 4-wood.

"On any pitch shot from 80 to 100 yards away, use the 7-iron. Well lofted clubs and straight-face clubs are the hardest to control. But it is always advisable to use the club that can get you where you'd like to be without any thought of extra effort. Don't under-club yourself, which so many do."

"Getting back to the Artists and Writers," I suggested, "or the Arthritis and Neuritis, what would you suggest?"

"Looking over the group," Bobby said, "my suggestion would be to ask for more strokes."

* * *

Racing Progress—And Control.

The story that racing has written in 1943 is an incredible chapter.

Close to extinction this time a year ago, facing disaster, it has come through with its greatest crowds, its heaviest betting and by far the top contribution that any game has made to the war fund.

In New York, especially, it has done all this, in spite of all the handicaps and barriers thrown its way by the stewards in charge and the complete lack of authority from the New York State Racing Commission.

What has happened in the New York area has proved the toughness and the rugged fibre of a game, or a business, that ordinarily should have passed out of existence.

The racing game, especially in New York, is the biggest cash business most of us know about. The six months of racing in New York will bring in close to 140,000,000 dols., of which the State will collect around 16,000,000 dols. in taxes.

New England, Chicago, Pimlico and other tracks won't be so far behind, when you check from day to day against figures from other years. This is all comparative. Far bigger crowds this year have pushed more money through mutuel windows than any past season has ever dreamed was possible.

This has been largely due to the fact that we have some extra twenty billion dollars of loose money in the hands of a restless, gambling world.

This rush to the tracks has come about with no headliners to attract the crowd appeal.

It is still my contention that New York, the racing centre of U.S., is far behind the times. Those running and controlling racing in the Metropolitan district can't understand that the racing game has moved at least a decade beyond their earlier vision.

Most of these have been pleasant and important socialites. They speak in terms of "improving the breed," which is, of course, a standard joke. To most of these people, the hundreds of thousands who bet hundreds of millions, are not worth considering.

I am willing to admit that no one can protect the sucker—those born for the axe.

But these are still the people—plus the horseowners and the trainers—plus the horses—who have lifted racing to its present golden spot. The new racing game has suddenly leaped beyond the old-fashioned outlook.

For the millions who like it, and millions do, horse racing is still a fine sport and a bigger business.

But in too many instances it needs a far better vision, a far better direction and control, than it has received so far in the new surge that it has known.

Racing to-day is no longer a social affair. It is a billion dollar business. It needs top ability and direction to keep it out of serious trouble.

A Yarn Fished from Manly :

The husband of a non-surfing wife happened to pass a pretty girl on most mornings going for his dip. She would say, "Water should be gorgeous," or pass some equally non-seductive greeting. A gentleman always, he would respond. "Quite so," and let it go at that. But somebody told his wife of those meetings.

Relations were at freezing point when the girl of the morning salutations happened to sit on the Manly boat opposite the gentleman and his wife. Politely he raised his hat and, to his consternation, was returned the stony-stare. Feeling that the position was now desperate, the man determined on silence and deep meditation before reaching Sydney. Just as he was about to commence the preamble to his wife, the lady surfer rushed along the wharf, touched him on the shoulder, and said excitedly: "Oh, Mr. —, I'm so sorry for what I did; but I didn't know you with your clothes on!"

Like all her sex she really thought that she had made the position good for the man!



AVAILABLE ALL STOREKEEPERS AND GROCERS

J. A. D. GIBSON AND COMPANY LIMITED

364 Kent Street, Sydney.

M 2328 — 3 Lines.

Newcastle Branch - - - - - Corner King and Darby Streets.

Billiards and Snooker

John Roberts' and Joe Davis' Ideas on Watching Champions — Final Summing Up is to Engage with Superior Players to Improve Your Standard.

We can be very proud of our billiard room. Members enjoy good fellowship therein day after day right through the year, and when our carnival nights happen along the area is utilised to raise funds for the purposes nominated, and returns show handsome dividends. But, let's get down to billiards.

During December the writer was asked by a newcomer in the playing sphere if anything could be learned from watching good players or could best results be obtained from experimenting with the balls and learning first hand just what they can do.

The question brings to mind an anomaly. Joe Davis, England's champion, always preaches the gospel of "watch the champions and follow their example."

Years ago, when John Roberts, junr., was at the top of his form his advice was "Watch the novices get all manner of shots by accident, then go thou and do likewise in full knowledge of just how it happened."

Roberts it was who declared there is no such thing as a fluke. His argument was that when balls were struck in a certain manner and at given speed the same thing must always happen—in effect, that when the unexpected happened it was actually the obvious and surprise on the part of the individual was clear evidence of ignorance! There is much in the contention.

A novice shaping up, say, to go in-off the red ball will look certain to onlookers to pot the object ball in another pocket, although he has not the faintest idea of such a score. A case of where ignorance is bliss, etc.

The Davis idea is to watch the experienced player carefully and note what side he imparts on the cue-ball and, in quiet moments, reason out the why and wherefor.

Both masters seem to be on the right track, though approaching the matter from different angles.

It is not much use the novice watching Walter Lindrum and trying to imitate him, but Lindrum, on

it is not by watching the balls so much as watching their feet. Golfers will tell you all about the necessity for correct stance, but in billiards and snooker it is even far more important because accuracy counts to the fraction of an inch. If you don't start right you certainly cannot finish right and the placement of the feet is of paramount importance. Handicappers for tournaments could almost allot points correctly if they did not see a contestant play a shot if they could only correctly form a mental photograph of his feet in addressing the ball.

All this means that the novice can benefit greatly by watching closely the movements of established players but not, necessarily, following the running of the balls. Greatest attention should be paid to the manner of address on reaching the table, and, in most cases, the reason will be apparent. That hurdle over there is reasonable chance of success following with solid practice if built on correct foundation.

Many of our members showed remarkable progress in 1943 and, if one takes time to think, greatest improvement has been shown by those who played against opponents more experienced and gifted than themselves. Advancement is very hard if one sticks closely to opponents who are no better than himself. A beating or two does not matter one whit if the dividend in knowledge results and after all, it should be the ambition of every cueist to increase his ability and so reap the joys and thrills the game, be it billiards or snooker, can produce. So, after weighing the pros and cons, the jury returns a verdict of "play, whenever possible, against your superiors and, in quick time you will probably be surprised to find yourself right in their class." We have many gifted cueists all of whom will be most ready to help if you will but give an inkling of your desires.

AFFILIATED CLUBS

Century Club, Panama, U.S.A.

Denver Athletic Club, Denver, U.S.A.

Lake Shore Club of Chicago, Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Ill.

Los Angeles Athletic Club, Los Angeles, Cal., U.S.A.

Allied with the Los Angeles Athletic Club:—

Pacific Coast Club.

Hollywood Athletic Club.

Riviera Country Club.
Santa Monica Deauville Club.

Olympic Club, San Francisco, Cal., U.S.A.

New York Athletic Club, 180 Central Park South, New York, U.S.A.

Terminal City Club, 837 West Hastings St., Vancouver, B.C.

The San Diego Club, San Diego, Cal., U.S.A.

the other hand, can learn something from the novice, strange though it may seem.

The world's champion finds it almost impossible to fluke and, after seeing him score at least 500,000 points, the writer can only remember two occasions when the balls did something contrary to intentions. When the Victorian strikes the balls he knows what is going to happen, while most of us merely hope and wonder.

But there is something the novice can learn from the champions, and

The Man from Snowy River

Three poets discuss another:—

Further light was thrown on the identity of The Man from Snowy River when "John O'Brien," Jim Grahame and Will Lawson met in Narrandera recently, "John O'Brien," who is Father Hartigan at St. Mel's there, said that years ago he was called to a sick man's bedside at the headwaters of the Murray and stayed with him all night. In an interval someone read "Banjo's" poem aloud. To Father Hartigan's surprise nobody appeared pleased. When he inquired the reason of this, he was told that the sick man was the original of the famous mountain rider. "Go in and talk to him about it, Father," they said; "he's a bit better now." So the padre did. The sick man, whose name was Riley, said that Paterson was not present on the day of the rounding up of the brumbies. But on the following day Riley was told to show Paterson his way to some neighbouring place, and dur-

ing the ride he related to "Banjo" the story of the hunt, from which the verses were written. What displeased the people present was that "Banjo" introduced people who, it was claimed, were never near the mountains that day. They did not realise that it was poet's license.

And "Altera Mercus" corroborates:—

I have pasted in my copy of "The Man from Snowy River" an article by M. M. Taylor which appeared in "S.M. Herald," July 7, 1915. Taylor says the original Man from Snowy River died a few days before, and his name was William Riley, a stockman, who for 30 years lived in a log hut on the western falls of the mountains. In 1912 I was in the alpine country and met William Riley, and was told by several men in the locality that he was "Banjo's" original Man from Snowy River. I could quite believe it, for in "Banjo's" words "it was grand to see that

mountain horseman ride." Paterson, although he was in Egypt in charge of remounts in 1915, must have read Taylor's article, and if it was not true would have had something to say about it.

H. B. Paterson (A.I.F.) winds up the debate:—

Am sorry to have to contradict various contributors who hold other views, but there never was any such person as "the Man from Snowy River." My father told me this a number of times, and I suppose he should have had a rough idea, considering that he wrote the poem. Claimants to the honour have been dying off in considerable numbers for some years now. I remember one small town writing to my father asking him to compose an epitaph, as they wished to erect a monument to a local celebrity who, as everyone knew, was the original "man." My father's attitude was "let 'em all claim it so long as they're happy." He could not remember any definite incident which gave him the original idea.

—"The Bulletin."



Have YOU Adopted a Fighting Service Member?

YOU can help ensure constant supplies of Comforts, Cigarettes, Embarkation Kits and maintenance of A.C.F. Services and Hostels by subscribing to the A.C.F. "Adoption" Appeal.

An A.C.F. Voluntary helper will arrange your "Adoption"—or you can 'phone MA 4020 or write the A.C.F. Revenue Committee, Trust Building, King Street, Sydney, and your donation will be credited to your A.C.F. District Branch.

(Your donation is entitled to income tax concessional rebate.)

The cost of the war-time activities of the Y.M.C.A., Salvation Army, Y.W.C.A., is financed by the Australian Comforts Fund.



You can "adopt" a member of the fighting services for £2/12/- per year or 1/- per week.

DATES FOR RACING FIXTURES

1944

JANUARY.

Tattersall's (New Year's Day), Saturday, 1st
 Moorefield Saturday, 8th
 Sydney Turf Club (Randwick), Saturday, 15th
 A.J.C. Saturday, 22nd
 A.J.C. Saturday, 29th

FEBRUARY.

Rosehill Saturday, 5th
 Victoria Park Saturday, 12th
 Moorefield Saturday, 19th
 Ascot Saturday, 26th

MARCH.

A.J.C. (Warwick Farm) Saturday, 4th
 Canterbury Saturday, 11th
 Australian Comforts Fund Saturday, 18th
 Rosehill Saturday, 25th

APRIL.

A.J.C. (Warwick Farm) Saturday, 1st
 A.J.C. (Autumn Meeting) Saturday, 8th
 A.J.C. (Autumn Meeting) Monday, 10th
 A.J.C. (Autumn Meeting) Saturday, 15th
 Rosehill Saturday, 22nd
 Canterbury Saturday, 29th

MAY.

Moorefield Saturday, 6th
 Canterbury Saturday, 13th
 Hawkesbury Saturday, 20th
 A.J.C. (Warwick Farm) Saturday, 27th

JUNE.

Rosehill Saturday, 3rd
 Sydney Turf Club (Randwick), Saturday, 10th
 A.J.C. (Winter Meeting) Saturday, 17th
 A.J.C. (Winter Meeting) Saturday, 24th

JULY.

Canterbury Saturday, 1st
 Rosehill Saturday, 8th
 Moorefield Saturday, 15th
 A.J.C. Saturday, 22nd
 Victoria Park Saturday, 29th

AUGUST.

Ascot Saturday, 5th
 Moorefield Saturday, 12th
 A.J.C. (Warwick Farm) Saturday, 19th
 Sydney Turf Club (Randwick), Saturday, 26th

SEPTEMBER.

A.J.C. (Warwick Farm) Saturday, 2nd
 Canterbury Saturday, 9th
 Tattersall's Saturday, 16th
 Rosehill Saturday, 23rd
 Hawkesbury Saturday, 30th

OCTOBER.

A.J.C. (Spring Meeting) Saturday, 7th
 A.J.C. (Spring Meeting) Saturday, 14th
 A.J.C. (Spring Meeting) Saturday, 21st
 City Tattersall's Saturday, 28th

NOVEMBER.

Rosehill Saturday, 4th
 Victoria Park Saturday, 11th
 A.J.C. (Warwick Farm) Saturday, 18th
 A.J.C. (Warwick Farm) Saturday, 25th

DECEMBER.

Moorefield Saturday, 2nd
 Canterbury Saturday, 9th
 Ascot Saturday, 16th
 A.J.C. (Summer Meeting) Saturday, 23rd
 A.J.C. (Summer Meeting) Tuesday, 26th
 Tattersall's Saturday, 30th

Tailors—Hatters—Shirtmakers

SIM & CHALONER

65 CASTLEREAGH STREET, SYDNEY.

(near King Street)

'Phone : MA 3851.

Our business has been maintained and extended by kindly recommendation of satisfied customers.

Phones: FM 1425 and FM 1475.

W. GLAZEBROOK

POULTERERS

50 Cross Street, Double Bay

English Game always on Hand.
Hotels and Restaurants Supplied.

CHARLES KINSELA

PTY. LIMITED

FUNERAL DIRECTORS

Established 1830.

**SERVICE WITH
ECONOMY.**

**DAY AND NIGHT
SERVICE.**

OXFORD STREET
TAYLOR SQUARE
DARLINGHURST.

Phones: FL 4136-7-8

C. H. W. KINSELA, Governing Director.

Telephone : MX 1447 (4 lines).

The

"HARBOUR"

Newspaper and Publishing Co. Ltd.

Specialising in the production of
MAGAZINES, TRADE JOURNALS,
CATALOGUES, NEWSPAPERS AND
GENERAL STATIONERY.

120-124 CHALMERS STREET, SYDNEY

There's a Reason for it!

The demand for up-to-date well-printed Labels and Wrappers proves that Manufacturers realise that

**A Good Article must have
a Good Appearance**

LET US SHOW YOU WHAT WE CAN DO

Ross Brothers Pty. Limited

ESTABLISHED 1862.

Colour and General Printers, Carton Manufacturers

545-547 Kent Street, SYDNEY Telephone M 4955 (3 lines)



TENTERFIELD

IN that district so aptly named New England, is the town of Tenterfield, nestling among the green willows on the bend of the winding Dumaresq River about 12 miles from the Queensland border.

Over 2,800 feet above sea level the climate is cool and pleasant in summer, cold in winter, and always healthy and invigorating.

In 1828 Allan Cunningham, the explorer, passed over the country a little to the west of where Tenterfield stands to-day and found, as he stated, great downs to the north, rolling plains to the south and verdant richly clad and beautiful tablelands.

Settlers of the early 1840's included Marcus Speering of Bookook, Bookookoorara and Undercliffe, Col. Barney of Barney Downs, later owned by J. G. Dickson, Henry Nichol of Ballandean, Mr. Marsh of Maryland, whilst Shaw and Leycester of Maidenhead—two distinguished pioneers—later abandoned the property owing to the depredations of the natives.

Somewhere before 1847 Stuart Alexander Donaldson took up a huge area of land and after a favourite spot in Scotland named his holding Tenterfield, and so the name of the station later was attached to the huddle of huts which grew to a village and then to the town of Tenterfield as we know it.

In 1848 the following statement appeared in *Well's Gazetteer*: "Tenterfield in the district of New England, in New South Wales, on one of the heads of the River Severn, situated about 135 miles from Grafton. It is the squattage of S. A. Donaldson."

Towards the end of the 1840's, the first so-called road—a better description might be a "fairly well-defined track"—came into existence, leading northward to the Queensland border and Warwick. As the natural camping place for the night would be where the road met the Dumaresq River, so as in many other cases, a settlement

came into being but the little hamlet so formed moved but slowly ahead.

In 1856 a great honour came to Tenterfield. Stuart Alexander Donaldson—the founder of the town—became the first Premier of New South Wales. In the 1860's Patrick Ritchie established the newspaper "The Chronicle" which, however, did not have a long life as Ritchie moved northward into Queensland.

Tenterfield, rapidly becoming an important centre on the northern road, was incorporated a municipality as early as 1871 and the first railway line reached the town to be officially opened on 1st September, 1886.

In 1889 Sir Henry Parkes visited Tenterfield, and in a memorable, much-quoted speech, said: "Believing, as I do, that it is essential to preserve the security and integrity of these colonies, that the whole of our forces should be amalgamated into one Federal army and seeing no other means of obtaining these ends, it seems to me that the time is close at hand when we ought to set about creating this great national Government for all Australia. . . . As to the steps which should be taken to bring about the foregoing, a conference of authorities has been suggested, but we must take broader and more powerful action in the initiation of this great council—we must appoint a convention of leading men from all the colonies."

This speech has always been regarded as the beginning of Federation. At that time it was a general suggestion that Tenterfield should be chosen as the Federal Capital—to this day it is urged that Tenterfield should be recognised as "The Birthplace of the Commonwealth."

In 1906, the Koreelah Shire came into existence, but the following year the name was changed to the Tenterfield Shire. Tenterfield is rich in names which have illuminated our public life—Sir Stuart Alexander Donaldson, first Premier of New South Wales, had his station there, as did the first Colonial Treasurer in the first Queensland Government, Sir

R. R. Mackenzie. Sir Henry Parkes represented the district in Parliament as also did the Hon. C. A. Lee, a native of Tenterfield, one time Minister for Public Works, who did much for the establishment of the Murrumbidgee Irrigation areas and after whom Leeton is named.

In 1917 the town electricity supply was opened and in 1930 the splendid water service came into being.

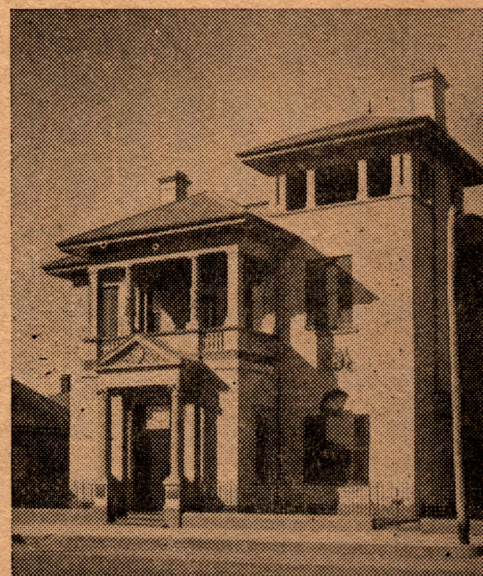
The district to-day supports hundreds of thousands of sheep in addition to dairy cows, horses and pigs. Annual butter production

runs into many thousands of pounds and agricultural products include maize, potatoes, hay and fruit whilst the poultry industry flourishes and timber abounds in the district. Fat cattle are raised extensively in this rich area and Tenterfield is a most important marketing and trucking centre with many award honours to its credit at the Royal Agricultural Show.

A splendid record—and the mineral resources of the area have also been worked with profit; gold, silver, tin and antimony have been found in payable quantities.

Tenterfield is well served by all that makes for modern and comfortable living and included in the commercial enterprises of the town are a butter factory, several sawmills and a freezing works whilst there is, of course, the local newspaper, the "Tenterfield Star."

The splendid climate and the many and lovely trees planted by such pioneers as Sir Stuart Alexander Donaldson make Tenterfield a pleasant and lovely spot—set in a gracious prosperous district—in very truth a gem of the tablelands.



Tenterfield Branch.

The RURAL BANK
OF NEW SOUTH WALES